LITERATURE

The Historical Method in Political Economy.

PROFESSOR ROSCHER'S WORK

A Nobleman's Novel-Life-Saving Guns-Book Notes.

Principles of Political Economy, By William Roscher, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Leipzig, &c. From the thirteenth German edition, with Additional Chapters furnished by the Author for this first English and American Edition, on Paper Money, International Trade and the Protective System; and a Prolliminary Essay on the Historical Method in Political Economy (from the French), by L. Wolowski, The whole translated by John J. Lalor, A. M. 2 vols., pp. 464, 455. Chicago: Callahan & Co., 1878.

The title of this work is so bibliographic that we are dispensed at once from the necessity of giving anything like an inventory of its contents. The value of the publication as a contribution to the science of political economy might be interred from the chair which Professor Roscher holds in one of the leading universities of Germany, as also from the permanen place which has been awarded to this particular treatise of his in the literature of the Fatherland. Translated into the French by M. Wolowski, of the Institute of France, more than twenty years ago, this great work has never before been presented to the Engreading public in our vernacular tongue, and now by a curious coincidence, it is simultaneously issued in an English version by two American publishing one in this city and one in Chicago. If we have selected the version of Mr. Lalor for the purpose of bringing this publication to the notice ir readers it is because his translation has had the advantage of receiving Professor Roscher's careful revision, and because its contents have been aug mented by several important additions exclusively furnished by the author to the form which the body of his book has received at Mr. Lalor's hand.

The idiomatic structure of the work in the original has made the office of the translator no easy task, but Mr. Lalor has successfully coped with the difficulties presented by the precise, formal and sometimes crabbed nomenclature of Professor Roscher. It must be admitted that the version still retains, in many places, what Locke would have called "the tang of the cask" from which it is decanted; but these traces of the German flavor do not at all impair the substantial perspicuity of the present volumes.

For the distinctive character of Professor Roscher's treatise on political economy we must look not so much to its particular doctrines as to its specific method. He is considered among his countrymen as the real founder and principal representative of "the historical school" in economical science, and if his pretensions to originality in the application of the historical method to politico-economical problems may be disputed it is at least certain that no other writer can compete with him as an authority in the skilful use of the method which he has illustrated and adorned with an amplitude of scholarship that is without rival in the walks of economical lierature. Relating, as he does, all the principles of political economy to the great writers and thinkers by whom those principles were first propounded or enforced, Professor Roscher has, by his foot notes, made of this work an invaluable index to the whole body of doctrine embraced within the scope of economical science, and if, as Herbert Spencer has argued (or rather as D'Alembert argued before him), genesis of knowledge in the individual must follow in the same course as the genesis of knowledge in the human race," it follows that the historic method is not only the best but the sole sufficient way in which the truths of political economy can be imparted to the learner in all their completeness and in all their natural and logical order."

This method furnishes a constant corrective against the allurements of dogmatism and the narrowness of individual opinion. Through all the variations and contrarieties of thoughts which have proceeded from the one or the other of these disturbing sources we may here discern the traces of one perennial doctrine, advancing from age to age in clearer definition and in fuller content according as new con-tributions have come from time to time to swell the volume of economical science. It is the signal glory of the historic method that it not only traces the past and ascertains the present position of economical science, but enables us, in certain lines of thought and discovery, to project its future. Bishop Butler has remarked in his immortal "Analogy" that by observing the course of events in soand universal effects. When Professor Fawcett says that all "the principles of political economy are dencies, instead of actual results. Dr. Roscher is quick to perceive that the historical method would give also the theory on which the evolution of the latter must finally depend; and perceiving this truth as clearly as he does we are surprised that he has not given to it a larger place in determining what we may call the speculative and philosophical aspects of political economy. The historical method is comparatively barren unless it lead to sound generalizations for future guidance as well as to accurate reductions from the past stages through which the race has moved on, reaching its present altitude on questions of economic concern; or, as the mathematician would phrase it, from the differential elements which mark the lines of progress in economical opinion, we should now be able, if possible, to integrate the formula of change which will ultimately conduct the civilized nations of the world to settled practices in conformity with the settled principles of economical science. For instance, to illustrate our meaning under this head we would point, in our conception of the historical method, to the significant fact that the drift of economical change among the most enlight-ened nations of the earth is slewly but steadily set ting in the direction of free trade as against the once prevalent but now declining dogmas of protection Any historical method which does not emphasize this fact is a method which moves too exclusively in the dead past instead of being quickened by the living present and drawing inspiration from the pregnant future. We fear that Professor Roscher can entirely exempted from the repreach of looking too intently on the purely historical aspect of his study, and so he has failed, in some alight degree, to draw from his wide and masterly survey a full measure of that "philosophy which teaches by ex-smple." But none the less do we commend this work to all students of "the dismal science," as Southey so strangely called it, and which, so far from being th dismal study he supposed, is rather the study which opens the brightest visions to the scholar and philanthropist, and of which, considered in the domain of practical politics, it is not too much to say that it solutely holds in its bands the keys of all future statesmanship, and hence of the highest political

"KELVERDALE," A NOVEL, BY THE EARL OF

DESART. The announcement of a work by this distinguish English nobleman is always received with gratification by a large changle of literary admirers. In his former books, "The Children of Nature," "Beyond These Voices," &c., he demonstrated the qualities that belong to a ready writer-a fertile imagination and quick wit, reinforced by the experience which at taches to travel and cultivated association. In "Kelverdale" these same characteristics are also observable, but even to a greater degree than before, inasmuch as the theme of the novel concerns the higher social life that exists abroad, wherein the author finds ample materials for the description of scenes and individualities of which wealthy are supposed to be cognizant. Beyond the mere entertainment of the reader the story was not written to subserve any great purpose. It contains only the gentlest of satire and seeks to correct no popular cvil. It is simply a lovers the fints of which are laid on with grace, with not too many shadows to create gloom and just

a book could have been written by no other person

The plot is as follows:-The town of Kelverdale be longed to Sir Edward Derrick-Hillingstone, an eccentric bachelor, esteemed the richest man in the county, His only brother, Colonel Hillingstone, of the Hus-sars, had married, so it was said, but died leaving behind him an only son. This lad was generously taker care of by the uncle, and on the death of the latter it was found that the whole estate had been left "to the heir male lawfully born in wedlock" of Colonel Hil-lingstone, and, failing him, to the testator's niece. Lady May Derrick, only child of Robert, fourth Earl of Delafield. Lionel Hillingstone, the heir, was at this time twenty-one years of age, with a rent roll of nearly lifty thousand a year. Accompanying this will were two documents, neither of which was to be opened until Lionel attained his twentythird year, and he was enjoined not to get married. Meanwhile he enters on the occupancy of the vast estate, and, with Arthur Elton, his early tutor and companion, sees much of London life and his new surroundings. Little Lady May Derrick lives but six miles from Kelverdale, and in the course of time the two supposed cousins come together. The author exhibits a keen perception of character in his pen and ink sketches of these, the hero and heroine of the story, and the conversations between them as recorded are among the liveliest in the book. Lione falls desperately in love, but May, with her romantic notions, prefers the tutor, Arthur Elton. Among the leading characters now introduced Mrs. Domerby, who eventually becomes the female Marplot of the novel. She loves Lionel from the first, but, keeping her secret and hiding her jealousy, contents herself as the recipient of his confidence. She likewise confides to him the story of her own life, which is that of a woman married to man who seeks to squander her fortune. She dis cevers an endeavor on his part to poison her and easts him off, but the fellow relentlessly pursaes her, demanding and receiving money, until, finally, they come together in London lodgings, where Lione saves her from death at the hands of the recreant husband, who there dies by his own weapon. The situation is admirably portrayed, and, well as any other in the three volumes, illustrates the graphic descriptive power of the writer. When Lionel reaches his twenty-third year he opens the mysterious letter from his uncle and discovers that his life is a lie, his inheritance a myth; that Kelverdale is no more his than it is his footman's: that he is a bastard, a pauper and an im postor. Like a brave young fellow he accepts th situation, himself announces his own disgrace to May Derrick, the rightful heir, surrenders her hand to Arthur Elton and goes forth into the world to battle alone. He becomes a dramatic author, struggles with poverty and encounters with nonchalance

the cuts of his former fashionable club friends. Ho falls in love with a pure-hearted, lovely young actress—one Ethel Bede—and life begins snew and romantically. Mrs. Domerby however, comes between the lovers at every turn, insinuates into the mind of each that the other is untrue, and eventually Ethel dies of broken heart in the arms of Lionel, who, having discovered the infamy of Mrs. Domerby, seeks to make every reparation in his power. But it is too late Arthur Elton, the husband of Lady May, goes to Parliament. He essays to become the leader of the opposition and prepares himself for a tremendous effort. The mental strain tells upon his intellect. In the midst of his great speech he becomes wild, in sane, subsequently dashes out of the buildings and madly plunges into the Thames. The denouement may be easily guessed. Lionel goes to the Continent broken hearted, and the young widow passes a reasonable probation in her widow's weeds, but eventually the original lovers come together, are married and have the usual number of happy chil-

From the above outline it will be seen that the author has deftly knitted together a series of incidents that are calculated to please the ordinary novel reader. While there is little that is new in them the grouping exhibits not a little art and the treatment at times rises to the altitude of the picturesque. The identity of the noble writer with scenes which afford him the widest scope of description, such, for in stance, as the field sports and club life of England is, as before stated, strongly indicated everywhere in the book. Most readers will doubtless be likewise impressed with the naturalness of style that prevails throughout the novel, the ready flow of conversa tion and the off-hand aphorismic sparkle that lends brightness to many a page. By way of example, we cull a few of the sententious expressions :-

"It is a well known principle that when the repre-sentative of an ancient line is forced for pecuniary reasons to contract an alliance with a girl who brings nothing but gold as a dowry, nature herself recog-nizes the necessity of the case, and the blue blood is not at all discolored by the slight admixture of a valent fluid."

paler fluid."
"It doesn't matter what his fortune is to be, a rich man should be always able to face poverty. No man can be happy idle when he has the capabilities of work. If he is a fool at books try him at manual work. If he is a foot at books try him at manual labor."

"There's something solemn about a letter from a dead man, though you never knew him."

"A young man who doesn't fall in love misses a part of the lesson necessary to give him a middle

part of the lesson necessary to give him a middle age.

"When a woman rolls her handkerchief into a ball she is usually thinking of something of more than ordinary interest."

"It is curious how often a woman will give to a horse all the admiration she feels for its rider."

"Ladylike and refined flirtation is a necessary part of society."

"It requires a generous nature to be able to accept benefits properly."

"A gentleman's clothes when worn beyond their natural time convert him at once into a secondrel capable of any atrocity, from forging a will to robing a widow. There is something intensely cunning in the shining seams, something repulsive in the frayed velvet collar, which are not to be found in common garments, although they may be dropping to pieces."

"Men, by growing too close together ruin each others' chances."

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"Men ought to do all the work of the world and Irish members of Parliament and women all the talking."
"How quickly we get old! The hair on our upper

"How quickly we get old! The nair on our upper lip, whose first appearance was haited with great delight, took a long time to come to maturity, but how quickly that on the top of our head comes off when once the moulting process begins!"
"When in doubt make a bow—it is a very important

"When in doubt make a bow—it is a very important diplomatic axiom."

"A man will remain calm under many aspersions, but there is scarcely any who will not indigmantly deny ignorance of wine, women and horses."

"A man can be no more than a gentleman or a woman more than a lady." The above selections, made at random from hundreds equally suggestive, give one an idea of the in tellectual merit that underlies the volume. Whether the latter has been put on the market at the author's expense, as actors sometimes buy plays in which to

come stars, is not a question to be considered, for

"Kelverdale" is worthy of perusal. Published by

Hurst & Blackett, London.

LIEUTENANT LYLE'S REPORT ON LIFE-SAVING The term "death-dealing" may not be always applied to artillery, as there are guns in the Ordinance De-partment devoted to the noble purpose of life saving The report of the Chief of Ordnance is supplemente by a very exhaustive and interesting account of life saving guns and projectiles by Lieutenant D. A. Lyle, of the National Armory, Springfield, Mass. The in portance of having an efficient apparatus to establish communication between a wreck and the shore, es pecially when the roughness of the sea precludes the possibility of launching a boat successfully, cannot be overestimated. The parting of shot lines, inaccuracy of aim or insufficient range of the projectile that carries the line may often result in the loss of the shipwrecked people, who vainly look for a bond of safety to be established between them and land. Had the life-saving apparatus been in any reasonable state of efficiency the tragedies of the Circassian and the Huren might have been robbed of most of their horrors. In the early part of the year 1875 the Secretary of the Treasury applied to the Secretary of War for assistance in the prosecution of experiments for the purpose of improving the lifesaving apparatus, then under the special charge of Captain J. H. Merryman, United States Revenue Marine. Lieutenant D. A. Lyle was assigned to the task, and the result of his labors is embedded in this report. Experiments were made at Springfield, Mass., and at Sandy Hook. The result of the trial of rifled cannon satisfied the Board of the unfitness of such ordnance for line-carrying purposes. The exand rife projectiles, wire ropes, spiral springs, rubber straps, rubber washers and plugs, brass washers, caps and retaining screws, and made suchunts and English sports to make one sure that such | cessful experiments with smooth-bore guns. Bronze

was selected as the material for the new guns on ac int of its great ultimate tenacity, ductility and combination of great strength with light weight. The Parrott patent, an improvement on the system of Captain Manby, is the basis, with some modificagun carriages formerly in use were very inefficient in actual service, and care has been taken with the new ones to combine elasticity with strength, so as to act well upon sandy beaches. Braided linen has been found superior in usefulness to the hemp lines previously in service and are not so heavy. A range of 400 yards is understood to be about the maximum range necessary for the requirements of the service along our coasts, and it is not probable that a hawser and life-car can be used with success over even se

The velocity of the wind is a very important element in the use of life-saving guns, and a fierce gale blowing directly across the plane of fire is an almost insuperable obstacle to the gunner. Temporary lulls of the wind occur, however, in the most severe storms, and the report advises that the piece, in case wreck, be prepared for firing, and with lanyard taut and the gunner ready await the favorable moment and then fire without loss of time. Twenty-five seconds in the most extreme case will suffice to fire the piece, to allow the shot to describe its trajectory and the line to settle upon the ground or water. A de scription of Boxer's life-saving rockets is appended to the report. M. August Delvigne invented a gun for projecting line-carrying arrows, which were found to be very efficient.

"THE JOURNAL OF THE FAIR."

It is seldom, indeed, that the journals issued during church fairs have other than the most transitory value, but an exception must be made in favor of that issued daily during the progress of the late fair at the Catholic Cathedral, and of which an old and expert journalist, Mr. John Mullaly, was the editor. better estimate of its worth need be taken than the fact that it netted during the six weeks of its existence a very handsome profit. As a daily record of the fair itself, which is monumental among enterprises of the kind, it was, of course, interesting to the Catholics of New York, while its articles, contributed by many well known writers of ability, gave it a wider claim for appreciation. Notable among these are the articles, accompanied by handsome illustrations, on the principal cathe drals and churches of the world, including, o course, St. Patrick's, the papers by Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, on "The Churches of the Early Christians" and "A History of Stained Glass." The entire series of the journal has now been tastefully bound in cloth and gold, and can be had of Sadlier & Co., New York, for a moderate price,

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have issued a society novel entitled "His Heart's Desire." The name of the au thor is withheld.

"A Holiday Tour in Europe" is the title of a work just published.

"The Englishman's Critical and Expository Bible Encyclopedia," by Rev. A. R. Fausset, A. M., has been nenced by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is to be published in numbers and sold by subscription. The early numbers of the second volume of the "History of the City of New York" are now in press

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. have begun the publica tion of a series of volumes with the title "Atlas.' They will embrace essays, stories, &c.

and will be issued shortly.

"As It May Happen" is above the average of Ameri can novels. The scenes are laid in the rural districts of Pennsylvania, and the characters, though eming eccentric to the society eye, are natural to the country, and not improbable in their development There is enough of mystery and crime to make the story almost sensational, but the plot is well constructed and the narrative absorbing. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia,

Macmillan & Co. republish from the Saturday Rerice nearly fifty short essays on social and domestic topics, by Mrs. Loftie. All of them are readable.

"Do They Love Us Yet?" a compilation, is a book which might greatly interest a large number of peo ple who long to be satisfied of the earthly presence of the spirits of dear ones who have died. Unfortu nately, however, the compiler wastes a portion of her space by printing revelations supposed to have been given through Spiritualistic mediums. Published by James Miller, New York.

Sport and Work on the Nepsul Frontier; or, Twelve Years' Sporting Reminiscences of an Indigo Planter. By "Maort." Macmillan & Co., publishers, London and New York. Social Twitters. By Mrs. Loftie. Macmillan & Co., pubchers. Pretty Little Countess Zina. A Russian story. By enry Greville. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers, hiladelphia. The Applications of Physical Forces. By Amedice Guille-in. Translated from the French by Mrs. Norman Lock-er. With four colored plates and nearly five hundred yer. With four colored places and engravings.

In Foreign Lands. From original notes by Daniel F. Beatty. Published by the author at Washington, New Total Abstinence. A course of addresses, by Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., F. R. S., &c. Macmillan & Co., Ward Richardson, M. D., F. R. S., &c. Macinillan & Co., publishers.

Nebriska Gazetteer and Rusiness Directory for 1879-80. Compiled and published by J. M. Wolfe.

Dritt from York Harbor, Maine. By George Houghton. A. Williams & Co., publishers, Boston.

A Woman's Thoughts About Men. By Mcs. Hugh L. Brinkley. Dorty Brothers, publishers Now York.

Catalogue Bos Fabricantes Manufactores e Negociaures do todos os Artigos de Exportação Fabricados nos Estados Unidos d'America. Fara o Besell e America Hespathola.

Pulicado por Michell J. Ash & Co., New York.

The Swamp Boctor's Adventures in the Southwest. By Madison Tensas, 'M. D., and 'Solliatio,' with fourteen fall page illustrations by Darley. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers, Editadelphia.

Esthetics. By Engene Veron. Translated by W. H. Armstrong, A. (Oxon).

J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, Philadelphia.

Haverty's Iranserican Hustrated Almanac, 1879. P. M. Haverty, publisher, New York.

Chomical 'Arming: Its Possiolities and its Mistakos.

By Conrad Wilson. From the Farmer's Publishing Company, New York. DICKENS' READING BOOKS.

A recent European steamer has brought to Scribne k Welford a number of volumes from the library of Charles Dickens, stamped with his crest, and many containing marginal potes by his hand. Among th most valuable and interesting of this collection are two small volumes containing as much of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and of "Nicholas Nickleby" as he read in public. The books are his reading copies and conlensations of his novels. The volume of "Nichola Nickleby" is condensed to three chapters, and even those have been reduced by the author's hand. For example, in the description of Mr. Squeers he cuts out "the eye he had was useful, but not ornamental, being of a greenish gray and in shape resembling the fanlight of a street door." Many passages are underscored with door." Many passages are underscored with two lines of blue ink. Here is a slight change from the original written in a small though legible hand. When Squeers bids Nicholas good night on his first evening at Dotheboy's Hall, he says :- "I don't know I'm sure whose towel to put you on, but if you'll make shift with something to-morrow morning Mrs. Squeers will arrange that in the course of the day." Dickens has written in, "I don't know, by the by, whose towel to put you on. But if you'll make shift with your pockethandkerchief in the morning Mrs. Squeers will look into it." There is not a page without some alterations. Here are eighteen pages taken right out of the body of the book and ided up with narrow red ribbon. Half a page of a new introduction is inserted to the chapter describing Smike's departure. It is written in blue ink on blue paper and pasted in:—"Time passed away. The poor creature Smike paid bitterly theavily was written and scratched out) for the friendship of Nicholas Nickleby; all the spleen and ill-humor that could not be vented on Nicholas were bestowed on him. Stripes and blows, stripes and blows, morning, noon and night, were his penalty for being compassionated by the daring new master. Squeers was jealous of the intence which the said new master soon acquired in the school, and hated him for it. Mrs. Squeers hated him from the first, and poor Smike paid heavily for all." Further on there are three pages scaled up with the margin that comes on postage stamps. Condensation appears to have been the great aim of the novelist in these reading books, and there is not a word left in that could be stricken out.

The reading copy of "Martin Chuzzlewit" is called Mrs. Gamp, and was evidently made in this country, for it bears the imprint of Ticknor a Fields and the date 1908. There are only eighteen pages in all in this book, and a third of these is crossed out, and only now and then is there a word written in. One can recall his every tone and gesture in reading these little books. The recellection of the former is made particularly vivid by the upstrokes of the pen at the end of a sentence.

Among the other works from Gad's Hill is a copy of Leigh Hunt's poetical works, inscribed "To Charles Dickens, from his constant admirer and obliged friend, Leigh Hunt." a copy of Hood's comic annual for 1842, with a somet to Dickens on his proposed voyage to America, and a presentation copy of Fitz Greene Halleck's poems, inscribed "To Charles Dicke whose towel to put you on. But if you'll make shift with your pockethandkerchief in the morning Mrs.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PICTURES IN THE GALLERIES.

nong the pictures in the upper rooms at M Knoedler & Co.'s gallery is one of Professor Carl Becker's historical canvases "The Emperor Maxi-milian Crowning the Poet Ulrich Von Hutten with the Laurel Wreaths, at Augsburg, A. D., 1517." It is an admirably composed work, careful in costume and other historical detail. The poet has received the order of knighthood from the Emperor, and the crown, which confers a higher distinction, has been woven by the fair hands of Else Pentinger, the pearl of all the maidens of the city, who stands by the side of Maximilian. To the left, by the throne, are the ladies of the court, and with them the court fool laughing at the scene. Acardinal, courtiers, knights, the syndies and the populace are to the right, while at the side of the hall are ranged the members of a band who are playing lustily.

In the gallery there has been recently placed an important river sunset by Jules Dupre, painted in his most powerful vein. As an example of solid rich coloring the sky is masterful. All its gorgeous tints, gathering around a strip of clear turquoise blue near

coloring the sky is masterful. All its gorgeous tints, gathering around a strip of clear turquoise blue near the horizon, are reflected in the quiet waters of the stream. Near a huge tree some cattle are at drink, while their keeper stands by. The last rays of the sun strike here and there on rocks, on the tree trunks, the cattle and on the walls of a farmhouse to the extreme right. The foreground is managed with such consumulate skill, kept in such masterly shadow, that the sky and general landscape musses are only seen at first. The separate objects of the first plan take place and form only after some study of the canvas. The repetition of lines parallel to each other, which are formed by two foreground rock masses and sharply defined by lines of light, seems artistically a mistake.

In Schaus' gallery there is now on an easel a large canvas by Benjamin Constant "La Soif—Prisonniers Marocains," one of the two pictures which represented the artist at the salon of last year. Five prisoners, whose hands are linked together by short chains, have reached running water after a long march. Wild with thirst, they lay flat on the sands, with their heads toward us, lapping up greedily the water, while one of their guards sits like a statue on his horse to the left, and another, on foot, rests on the sand back of the group. It is a wild scene, full of the very lite of the desert; excellent in its expression of the convulsive action of the poor prisoners, as they dig their feet in the sand and bend to the stream, and of the stolid unconcern of the guards. The cold white and blue light of a mirage is seen on the horizon and all around is the waste of sand. The weakest point in the picture is the painting of the Arab horse, which, though well posed and excellent in silhoustte, lacks solidity.

NOTES FROM HOME STUDIOS.

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T. L. Smith has on an easelone of his favorite snow scenes, in which the dim light of a winter sunset throws its last rays over a landscape. In the foreground is a pond frozen over and in the middle distance a vil-lage. The sun has just gone down and tints with faint cold pink the edges of the gray clouds.

Frank Waller, who will leave the city in a few days for Florida, has started for the Academy a picture which he will finish there. The motive is a picturesque one, a sunset effect on the ruins of the temple at Komombos on the Nile. He has also on an easel a view on the lagoon near Chioggia, Venice, with fishing boats moored in the foreground.

Frank M. Boggs has in his studio a large scene in the Rue Vaurigard in Paris, painted some time ago.

Frank M. Boggs has in his studio a large scene in the Rue Vaurigard in Paris, painted some time ago. The low houses, little shops, figures and an omnibus are given with a good deal of chic and the local color is excellent. A view on Twenteth street, in this city, near the East River, shows what fine material there is to be found at our very doors.

E. Sanguinett has in his studio, in addition to a number of portraits of ceiebrated trotting and running horses, a couple of little canvascs with figures of French cavalrymen. In one a huzar, erect on his steed, is on picket post, and in the other a cuirassier comes toward us in headlong gallop. Both show care and skill and are creditable little pictures.

Arthur Quartley is working on a canvas with a fine motive—a summer moonlight on the coast of Maine, with an old hulk stranded on the beach, the houses of a village in the middle distance lit up by the moon, and a tug steaming out to sea with a brigantine in tow. A fisherman is arranging nets to dry on the dismantied schooner. The cool grayish white of the moonlight on the walls of the houses of the fishing village, the sky and the moon path over the rippling waters are rendered with great skill. In composition it is one of the best of the artist's recent works.

Stanley G. Middleton has on an cased a little portrait of a young girl, which promises well as far as it has gone.

J. C. Beckwith, whose life-size portrait of a well known amateur of art attracted so much attention at the opening of the monthly exhibition of the Union League Club, is at work on a large one of a lady, posed in the Carolus Duran manner.

Arthur Parton had just finished, at our last visit, a pleturesque scene on Loch Loven, which he intends for the Utica Exhibition. The sky is good and the effect of light on the mountain forms, down one of which runs a silvered rill, is admirable. It need hardly be said that the drawing is a strong point.

Humphrey Moore is working on his picture of a girl dancing in a Mauresque apartment, while a man seated

THE ART INTERCHANGE.

The first bound volume of the Art Interchange, a household journal, the attractive little paper published in the interest and under the auspices of that excellent institution, the Society of Decorative Art, has come to hand. It contains the eight semimonthly numbers from its first appearance on the 18th of September to the close of the year. A steady 18th of September to the close of the year. A steady improvement is noticeable in each number, and the articles under the heads of "The Class Room," "The Studio"—"The Library," "The Morning Room," "The Prawing Room" isic—devoted chiefly to musical news—"Archit cture" and "Notes and Queries," are in most cases well adapted to the needs of the readers of the journal. Among the articles especially noticeable in the volume are those by Mary di Cesnola on Cyprus; of William C. Prime, on "Some Important Art Sales;" the letters from the South Konsington Museum Art Needlework School: "A Glance at the History and Symbolism of Japanese Art," by William Elliott Griffis, and "Potteries and Porcelains" and "Bric-a-Brae" at the second Loan Exhibition, by Frederic Vors.

FROM THE PARIS STUDIOS.

Gérôme, gratified with the success of his "Gladiators," for which he received a medal, is modelling a group of Anacreon, with the infants, Love and Bacchus. This will be cut in marble, instead of being cast in bronze, like the "Gladiators."

Schreyer, after a long absence from Paris, has returned, and is now at work in his old studio on the Boulevard Malsherbes. He may be really classed as a French artist, as he has lived long in France-made his reputation there, and has two pictures in

a French artist, as ne has level long in France, made his reputation there, and has two pictures in the Luxembourg.

Cabandel is at work on the frieze to his decorative paintings for the Fantheon. He has recently flushed portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, the bonauza millionnaires of California. "Jeptha" is a canvas which he has painted for S. P. Avery. The young girl in rich Eastern costume, with her hands raised in lamentation and prayer, comes up the mountain toward the spectator, while a group of young women is seen in the distance. He has just finished for Knoedler & Co. a "Samson and Delliah."

Loustaneau, the pupil of Vibert, is painting, for the salon of this year, a picture in which the chief figure is a gouty old gentleman.

Vibert has nearly finished for Knoedler & Co. a rehearsal scene in a convent, with monks and acolytes singing and playing. Contrasted rods and whites form the chief color motive.

Hugues Merle has finished for a New York collection a "Echecca at the Well."

Detaille, having completed a large canvas which

Hugues Merle has finished for a New York collection a "Rebecca at the Well."
Detaille, having completed a large canvas which was ordered of him by Mr. Vanderbilt, is now at work on his picture for the next Salon. The Vanderbilt picture is about the same size as Mr. Hawks' "Salut Aux Blesses."
Louis Leloir is painting for a New York collector a

Aux Blesses."

Louis Leloir is painting for a New York collector a Watteau-like subject, which is said to be charming. The painter is one of the best and most dainty of the French water colorists. Fans decorated by him are in great demand. He received 8,00%, for the one which he painted for the Rothschild marriage last year, the drawing for which was exhibited at the Salon. alon.

Madrazo is engaged on an important work with many figures—a fancy dress ball. It is intended for

Madrazo is engaged on an important work with many figures—a fancy dress ball. It is intended for W. H. Vanderbilt's gailery.
Babcock, of Boston, who was the friend of Millet, Bousseau and Diaz, still paints at Barbizon.
Lefebyre is about commencing pictures for Miss Catherine Wolfe and for John Jacob Astor. He has finished portraits of the children of S. F. Barge, of this city.

It is said that Mr. Vanderbilt has bought from

this city.

It is said that Mr. Vanderbilt has bought from William H. Stewart, of Paris, for the reported sum of \$10,000, Zamaçois' celebrated "Le Favori du Roi," which is thought to have suggested to Gérôme his well known "Eminence Grisc."

Escosura is putting the finishing touches to a picture of "Charles I. in the Studio of Vandyke."

Theodore Rousseau's "La Hutte du Charbonnier" was lately sold in Brussels to M. Vanderheim for A fine mosaic pavement, thought to be of the third

century, has recently been discovered at Angers.

The students in the ateliers of Gérôme and Cabanel have lately had a pitched battle, which led to the schools being closed for a few weeks. The pupils of Gérôme bagged the boxes and colors of their rivals,

The dinner ended by the resding of Thomas Dunn English's balled, the only objection century, has recently been discovered at Angers.

and the latter broke into the Gérôme studio to get

and the latter broke into the Gérôme studio to get them back.

It is curious that we should learn first from the Atherenus and Academy that Charles B. Curtis, of this city, is about to pundish a catalogue of the works of Velasquez and Murillo, founded on studies made in Spain and elsewhere, and with the use of the author's large collection of engravings. Mr. Curtis solicits the assistance of all who can supply him with intormation. His address is No. 9 East Fifty-fourth street.

At the "further sale" of the works of Cruikshank several of the best designs were bought for America. Oxford talks of founding a museum of archaeology. The Gazette des Beaux Arts has published in two volumes its works on the art at the late Exposition. They contain plates of objects exhibited, which have at previous times been published in the mentily, as well as the matter in the last half yearly volume. There are 500 drawings and cuts in the text and forty-five etchings and other plates.

The Japanese Commission has presented to the French government several of the most important objects which they exhibited at the great Exposition. Hans Makart is now professor in the special school for historical painting of the Viennese Academy of Fine Arts.

At an art sale at the Hotel Drouot, in Paris, the other day a curious incident occurred. Two etchings by Seymour Haden were sold to an Englishman for £12. The purchaser looked at each and then tore one up, to the astonishment of those present. It appears that Haden had taken off but twenty proofs of the etching and had numbered each proof. He knew where nincteen of the twenty were, and was much astonished when he saw two advertised for sale in Paris. A friend was instructed to buy them at any price and to destroy one or both if not numbered. One was and the other was not, so the etcher now knows where the twentieth etching is. He acted with spirit and shrewd business sense.

The Paris Court of Appeals has just confirmed a currous decision of the Tribunal of Commerce. The cause which led to the

"THE BATTLE OF CHALMETTE."

TYRONE POWER ON THE BATTLE FIELD-INTER-ESTING REMINISCENCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: -The frequent contradictions of history, particu larly when written by authors who derive their infor mation from sources embodying the views and prejudices of commanders liable to exaggerate or palliate the actions of their immediate corps, lead too frequently to confused accounts and to denials of their truthfulness by those who participated in the operations. Take, for instance, the battle of New Orleans described by General Jackson, Judge Martin, Major Lacarrière Latour, Commodore Patterson, and, finally, by the historian Gayarre, who drew from those parrators and from the public documents the materials for his "Battle of Chalmette." Jackson is accused of errors of time, position, the number of troops engaged and the manner of attack and de fence; nevertheless, these American narrators agree that General Kean, of the royal army, was guilty of a lack of veracity.

As a boy, interested in the State of my birth and particularly so in the gallant deeds of Major Planche's New Orleans battalion, composed of the best blood of Louisiana, I seized every occasion to read the re ports of the battle, and never to let pass an opportunity of referring to the subject or of questioning those who had participated in the fight in regard to its history and incidents. Mr. Sylvain Peyrouxnephew of the French military commandant of nephew of the French military commandant of Louisiana, Henri Peyroux de la Coudrinière, headquarters at New Madrid, subsequently at St. Louis—one of the Orleans battalion and proprietor of a beautiful estate situated on the plains of operation, between Darcantel and Villeré plantations, entertained in princely style. His mansion, at all times open to social gatherings, was especially so on Sundays, when his friends assembled there to enjoy themselves and to partake of the bountatul supplies of a hospitable host. At Mr. Peyroux's table, while inbibling the rich wines, aneedotes flowed; and it was there that his companions in arms referred to the parts they had taken in the defence of New Orleans and to their unpublished observations in regard to it. It is true that of the incidents there were some too loud for history, such as would have produced an evil effect or giver a poor opinion of Louisians's muse—viz., "La Garde Du ——!" composed for and dedicated to giver a poor opinion of Louisians's muse—viz., "La Garde Du ——!" composed for and dedicated to Major Twiggs, late a major general in the United States Army, who had ordered sentinels to be postednear his tent as a sanitary measure.

On the Sunday before Tyrone Power's departure from New Orleans for Europe, via New York, on his ill-fated voyage, the celebrated Irish comedian spent the day with Mr. Peyroux. Power proposed, as he had done on several other occasions, a vi-1: to the "battle ground." He was accompanied by the host, Mr. Peyroux, and Messra. Saint Oyre, Planche and other veterans. I, a mere boy, mounted my horse and followed, being anxious to have a correct knowledge of the positions of the troops and of their movements on the memorable Sth of January, that I might, at a future day, act as a guide to the sight-seers and travellers who would claim the hospitality of the planters or St. Bernard parish. We visited the situation of the settlement of the traitorious Italian and Spanish fishermen, on the banks of Bayou Villeré, now known as Bayou Bienvenue Louisiana, Henri Peyroux de la Coudrinière, head-

piloted the English to Villere's plantation, which subsequently became Packingham's headquarters. The British and American forces camped on Villere, Lacosto, Laronde, Chalmette, Jumonville, Darcantel, &c., plantations. We rode over the grounds, which I knew by heart, having hunted over them and the rear swamps. General Jackson's carthworks were thrown up between the Mississippi levees and the swamp. A canal was on his front. General Morgan's and Patterson's forces were intrenched on the left or southern bank of the river, nearly opposite to Chalmette. Patterson's battery was near the levee, so situated as to enfliade Packingham's forces when they advanced to attack. It was this battery which did such execution in the British ranks, and which would have proved trouble-some, if not discatrous, to our own forces, had Colonel Thornton reached the opposite bank in time to surprise or carry it before Packingham's death and the British retreat; for the "inglorious flight" of the "half horse, half alligator" Kentuckians had compelled Commodore Patterson to spike and abandon his battery.

The battle ground having been thoroughly surveyed and discussed the company assembled and repaired to the diming room. Tyrone Power's numerous questions resulted in anecdotes and reminiscences. Among the gentlemen present was Nicholas Sinnott, an Irishman of herenlean strength, who had distinguished himself by dodging a sabre cut—which spoiled his hat—but he floored his adversary and captured him. Another gentleman had found General Kean's sword and handed it to General Jackson. Major Viller's escape and concealment in a royal oak troc was allided to. The velorans were unanimous in the opinion that the battle of the 23d of December, fought on Larond's plantation, had saved the city; also that the part of the British advance corps, composed of 3,000 men, would have been destroyed and captured had Planche's New Orleans battalions. The Baretarians were conspicuous; their battery was admirably handled. Dominique (Suo) Bluchi and the brothe

affair was settled. Marigny's language had been misconstrued. Larry meant, not a personal, but a political lie.

It was under one of the three immense caks which shaded the large mansion of Sylvain Peyroux that Jackson issued one of the first orders given on the sth of January. It was also under their shade that Tyrone Power handled the British shot and shell which were gathered there.

From battle reminiscences the conversation had turned to the proposed race course at Algiers, opposite New Orleans. "Look out," remarked Tyrone Power, as he winked to the creoles and eyed the Kentuckians present: "den't let the 'half-horse' get the best of you in your selection of a new course. You know they have tested the ground and made the best time known, leaving the British steeds far in the rear. Keep an eye on them," The Kentuckians joined in the laugh, as the half battalions under Jackson's immediate command had by their bravery mitigated the inglorious flight of Davis' Kentuckians. The creoles shrugged their shoulders, remarking who could have fought under such an inefficent and incompetent officer as brave General Morgan proved to be.

To the unerring rifles of the Tennesseeans the veterans attributed our success and the English loss. The "dirty shirts," as the British named them, never missed their mark. As a proof of their expertness they sent to General Jackson his daily ration of headless snipe.

Several of the charming ladies present on the occa-

made to it being the omission of the parts taken in the battle by the Louisiana battalions and the navy of the United States. The Tennessecans were formed in three lines, the best marksmen resting and firing their rifles off the earthworks, while two ranks loaded for them. Hence the precision and quick firing, not accounted for by historians.

New Yonk, January 7, 1879.

As Mr. Thomas Dunn English's poems have never een collected the ballad on "The Battle of New Orleans" cannot fail to have a fresh interest in con-

Orleans" cannot fail to have a fresh interest in connection with these reminiscences. It is as follows;—

Here, in my rude log cabin,
Few poorer men there be
Among the mountain ranges
Of Western Tennessee.
My limbs are weak and shrunken—
White hairs upon my brow.
My dog—lie still, old fellow!—
My sole companion now.
Yet I, when young and lusty.
Have gone through stirring scenes,
For I went down with Carroll
To fight at New Orleans.
You say you'd like to been my

You say you'd like to hear me You say you'd like to hear mo
The stirring story tell
Of those who stood the battle
And those who fighting fell.
Short work to count our losses—
We stood and dropped the foe
As easily as by firelight
Men shoot the buck or doe,
And while they fell by hundreds
Upon the bloody plain,
Of us, fourteen were wounded
And only eight were slain.

And only eight were stain.

The 8th of January,
Before the break of day,
Our raw and hasty levies
Were brought into array.
No cotton bales before us—
Some fool that falsehood told;
Before us was an earthwork,
Built from the swampy mould,
And there we stood in silence,
And waited with a frown,
To greet with bloody welcome
The buildogs of the Crown.

The buildogs of the Crown.

The heavy fog of morning
Still hid the plain from sight,
When came a thread of scarlet
Marked faintly in the white.
We fired a single cannon,
And as its thunders rolled
The mist before us lifted.
In many a heavy fold.
The mist before us lifted,
And in their bravery fine
Came rushing to their ruin
The fearless British line.

Then from our waiting cannons Leap'd forth the deadly flame, To meet the advancing column That swift and steady came. That swift and steady came. The thirty-twos of Crowley And Bluchi's twenty-four To Spott's eighteen pounders Responded with their roar, Sending the grapeshot deadly That marked its pathway plain, And paved the road it travelled With corpses of the slain.

Our rifles firmly grasping,
And heedless of the din,
We stood in silence waiting
For orders to begin,
Our fingers on the triggers,
Our hiearts with anger stirred.
Grew still more fierce and eager
As Jackson's voice was heard.
"Stand steady! Waste no powder!
Wait till your shots will tell!
To-day the work you finish—
See that you do it well!"

Their columns drawing nearer,
We felt our patience tire.
When came the voice of Carroil,
Distinct and measured, "Fire!"
On then you should have mank'd as
Our volleys on them pour—
Have heard our joyous rifes
Ring sharply through the roar,
And seen their foremost columns
Melt hastily away
As snow in mountain gorges
Before the floods of May,

They soon reformed their columns, And 'mid the fatal rain And 'mid the fatal rain
We never coased to hurtle
Came to their work again.
The Forty-fourth is with them,
That first its laurels won
With stout old Abercrombie
Beneath an Eastern sun.
It rushes to the battle,
And, tho' within the rear
Its leader is a laggard,
It shows no signs of fear.

It did not need its colonel,
For soon there came instead
An eagle-eyed commander,
And on its march he led.
Twas Packingham, in person,
The leader of the field;
I knew it by the cheering
That loudly round him peal'd;
And by his quick, sharp movement
We felt his heart was stirred,
As when at Salamance
He led the fighting 'third.

I raised my rifle quickly,
I sighted at his breast,
God save the gallant leader
And take him to his rest!
I did not draw the trigger,
I could not for my life.
So calm he sat his charger
Amid the deadly strifle,
That in my flercest moment
A prayer rose from me,
God save that gallant leader,
Our foeman tho! he be.

Our foeman tho' he be. Sir Edward's charger staggers; He leaps at once to ground,
And ere the beast falls bleeding
Another horse is found.
His right arm falls—'tis wounds
He waves on high his left.
In vain he leads the movement,
The ranks in twain are cleft.
The men in scarlet waver

I thought the work was over, But nearer shouts were heard, And came, with Gibbs to head it, The gallant Ninety-third. The gallant Ninety-third.
Then Packingham, exulting,
With proud and joyous glance,
Cried, "Children of the Tartan—
Bold Highlanders—advance!
Advance to scale the breastworks
And drive them from their hold,
And show the stanchless courage
That marked your sires of old."

His voice as yet was ringing.
When, quick as light, there came
The roaring of a cannon,
And earth seemed all alame.
Who causes thus the thunder
The doom of men to speak? The doom of men to speak?
It is the Barctarian,
The fearless Dominique,
Down through the marshall'd Scotsmen
The step of Death is heard,
And by the fierce tornado
Falls half the Ninety-third.

The smoke passed slowly upward, And, as it soar'd on high, The smoke passed slowly upward And, as it soar do uhigh. I saw the brave commander. In dying anguish lie.

They bear him from the battle. Who never fled the foc. Unmoved by death around them. His bearers softly go. In vain their care, so gentle, Fades earth and all its scenes; The man of Salamanea. The man of Salamanea Lies dead at New Orleans.

Lies dead at New Orleans.
But where were his lieutenants?
Had they in terror fled?
No! Ke is was sorely wounded.
And Gibbs as good as dead.
Erave Wilkinson, commanding.
A major of brigade
The shattered force to rally,
A final effort made.
He led it up our ramparts,
Small glory did he gain—
Our captives some, while others fled,
And he himself was slain.

And he himself was stain.

The stormers had retreated,
The bloody work was o'er;
The feet of the invaders
Were seen to leave our shore.
We rested on our rifles
And talked about the fight,
When came a sudden murmar
Like fire from left to right;
We turned and saw our chiertair
And then, good friend of min
You should have heard the cheer
That rang along the line.

For well our men remembered How little when they came, Had they but native courage, And trust in Jackson's name; How thro' the day he labored, How kept the vigils still, Till discipline controlled us, A stronger power than will; And how he harded us at them Within the evening hour.
That red night in December,
And made us feel our powar.

In answer to our shouting Fire lit his eye of gray; Erect, but thin and pallid, Erect, but thin and pallid,
He passed upon his bay,
Weak from the baffled fever, s,
And shrunken in each limb,
The swamps of Alabama
Had done their work on him.
But spite of that and fasting,
And hours of sleepless care,
The soul of Andrew Jackson
Shone forth in glory there.